



Inscrib'd to the Memory of Our late Glorious Deliverer,

KING WILLIAM.

ASSIST, with aid United, all ye Nine;
Nor to your Bard, a Deafen'd Ear incline.
Inspir'd by ye, let me in gratefull Lays,
Attempt our late, but matchless HERO'S Praise:
Nor let the Criticizing, World Condemn,
The Loyal Product, of a Youthful Pen;
But let NASSAU, my Glorious Theme Excuse,
The Imperfections, of an Homebred Muse.

NASSAU, our late dread Lord, NASSAU the
[Great,
Sing (whose worth no Pen cou'd ever rate,
Than whom, of all that Sat on ALBION'S Throne,
None was more Just, worse Treated there was None;
Witness the Time, His Troops He wasted o're,
BRITANNIA, to thy most, ungratefull Shore,
When mov'd with Pity, He retriev'd thy State,
And free'd Thee, from ROME'S Diabolick hate:
Unthoughtfull, of the Crown, and of the Throne,
Which scarce thou gav'st Him, e're thou wish'd him
[gone;
An Counter to thy Vows, and forward Zeal,
And all thy former Plaudits did repeal.
Nor do thy SONS, their Morals yet amend,
But Modern Sin, with Antique Treasons blend:
To Silence Damn, His MEM'RY o're and o're,
At all the Loyal, Execrably Roar,
And Bellow forth, their Malice evermore.

Oh! Dread NASSAU, how shall we e're appease,
Thy injur'd MANES? or our Guils Erase?
How shall We, the remaining Honest Few,
Make atonement, for the horrid Crew?
To rob thy Name, Our Late Deliverer
Is Due; and now Conspire against thine HEIR,
And GEORGE; thy present HEIR, who, like Thee
[Great,

(Unhappy also like Thee in a State)
Has ever prov'd, Ambitious to Excell,
The best good Potentates, in Ruling Well:
But Oh! BRITANNIAS base, perfidious Brood;
(Known evermore to render Ill for good)
By-als'd, by ROME'S Instructions, Led by Hell,
Have sought with all their might, and Trayt'rous
[Skill,

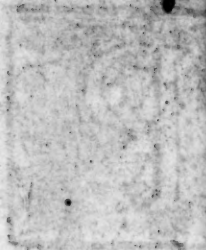
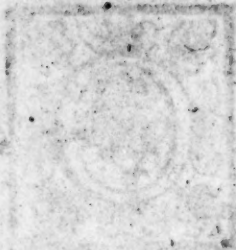
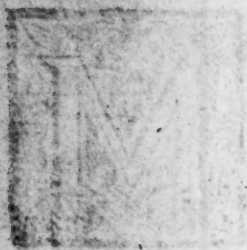
Our Liturgy, to Barter, for the MASS,
A Lawfull HEIR for one of Spurious RACE.

Oh! ye Mised, your folly Ruminat;
Your fruitless Plots discuss; your Madness hate:
Be Wise, revere His MEMR'Y as Divine,
Who settled on the Throne, the BRUNSWICK
LINE,
And thence Successive NASSAUS, did to us Con-
sign.

And as for us, who well — affected are,
No Libell, or Alpersion, e're shall Barr
Our Gratitude; for if regret, or Time,
Might abrogate the Odium, of the Crime;
With Show'rs of Tears, we'd wash thy Royal Urn;
Suspend all Joys; all Gayeties adjourn,
And Widow like, for ever o're Thee Mourn,

But least, such Female Softness, should not Sute,
Great Souls, but rather argue them Minute;
We'l when (as now) the Year with tardy Pace,
Doth introduce, NOVEMBER'S Hoary Face,
In Epic-lays, Hail WILLIAM'S MEMORY;
With Joy Celebrate His NATIVITY,
And ratifie the same, an Annuall JUBILEE.

A poem



interior of the house

the house

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